

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you.

POETRY.

The Knitter.

What do you do, Little Sister,
Murmuring in the sun
If you please, sir, I am counting my
stitches.
My new knitting is just begun.

What do you knit, Little Sister?
I scarf for your shiny gold head?
Oh no, let my hair go uncovered,
I knit for a lad instead.

And who is the lad, Little Sister?
Your own lad by love and by right?
Oh no, if you please, sir, it is any
dear lad,
Barrenfoot there in the night?

When I saw your bowed head, Little
Sister,
And your moving hand on your knee,
I thought you were slipping along the
beads
In our Father and Hail Mary.

"Oh, yes, if you please, I pray as I
count,
And the stitches and prayers make the
sum.
Two is for England, four is for France,
And six is for Belgium.

"And all the great fellowship follows,
Woven in, row after row,
I pray as I knit and I knit as I pray,
Binding off with Amen at the toe."
From "Poems," by Alice Brown.

Pity Poor Puss.

Kitten:
O mother, I'm hungry, and thirty, and
sad,
My sides sink so empty in;
I hardly remember the last meal I had,
And soon I'll be dreadfully thin.
I thought that he loved me—that dear
little boy,
Who played with and squeezed me so
tight,
But a holiday long he has come to en-
joy,
He's gone—and forgotten me quite.

Mother:
O baby, my kitty, I'm hungry as well,
I've searched all in vain for a meal;
I wish, oh, I wish, that I knew how to
tell
Those people of mine how I feel.

I'm sure they'd be sorry, I'm sure they
would care,
It's only that they don't think,
Or they'd have provided, that somehow,
somewhere,
We'd something to eat and to drink.
—Young Soldier.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE- AWAKES.

The trees of all others which invite
the attention of youngsters are the nut
trees, which are the all important trees
with wild men today.

When the Wide-Awakes are gathering
nuts and making the woods ring
with their glees they do not know that
nut trees were among the first pro-
viders of food to man, and that in the
early ages man regarded the trees sac-
red because they provided fuel and
fruit for the comfort of man.

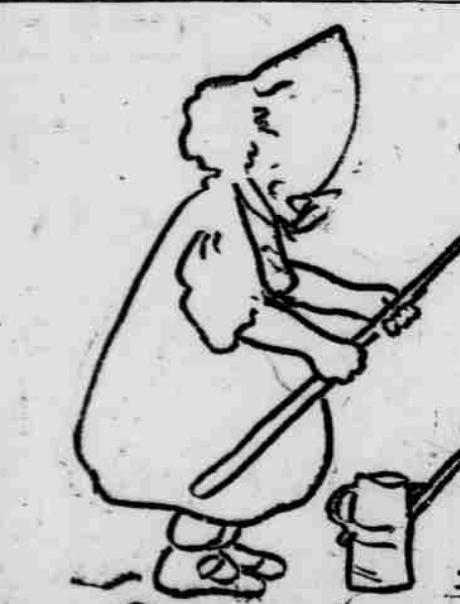
The palm tree is the most wonderful
tree because it supplies food and ral-

TOMMY TIDD.

What Tommy Tidd says:



I have a house in which to live,
Pleasant, fair, and good;
Its hearth is crowned with warmth
and light,
Its board with daintiest food;
And I, when tired with care and doubt,
Go in and shut my sorrows out.
—Anon.



The Little House Gardener, by Catherine Kirby of Norwich.

ment and utensils and shelter for man,
so it is not strange it was held in
reverence as a gift of God.

Abraham who you learn of at Sun-
day school lived beneath a cased oak on
the plains of Mamre, and tradition
says he planted a cypress, a pine and a
cedar, trees which whisper and moan
to the winds, and they grew together
and became one tree, and this wonder-
ful tree, and this wonderful wood was
used in building Solomon's temple.

Every tree once had a guardian
nymph, just as every human soul is
now believed to have a guardian angel,
and when the tree died the nymph also
died.

An old oak was once about to fall
when Rhaecus had new earth put at
its roots, set it upright and gave it a
new lease of life, and the guarding
nymph appeared to Rhaecus and
thanked him for saving her life and
told him she would grant whatever he
would ask. She made an appointment
with him and sent a bee as a messen-
ger, but Rhaecus was a snort, and the
bee came to him when he was playing
and he nearly killed the nymph's mes-
senger, whereupon she paralyzed him.
Rhaecus in his wrath had the tree cut
down and thus made an end of the
nymph.

Man does not pay reverence to trees
any more as gifts from God, but like
the vandal he is, lays forests waste
and himself suffers for want of the
wood he wastes.

Men thoughtlessly ruin in a day the
product of ages.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—William Cotter, of South Cove-
try: Aeroplane Scouts at Verdun.
- 2—Rosa Weiner, of Norwich: Vacat-
ion Adventures.
- 3—Stella Boleau, of Goodyear:
Ruth Preptice.
- 4—Mildred B. Ellis, of Willimantic:
Aeroplane Scouts in England.
- 5—Frances Dingley, of Norwich: Jack
Lorimer's Holidays.
- 6—Mildred E. Grandy, of Yantic: A
Little Girl in Old St. Louis.
- 7—Eather Cramer, of Norwich: Ae-
roplane Scouts in France and Bel-
gium.
- 8—Leona Bergeron, of Tatfield:
Camp-fire Girls at Onaway House.

The winners of prize books have
been called at the Bulletin
business office for each at any hour
after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Eather Cramer, of Norwich: I re-
ceived the prize book and thank you
dred's New Home and have read it
and found it very interesting. I thank
you.

Jorance Gallup, of Moosup: I
thank you for the prize book you sent
me entitled A Little Girl of Old Sa-
lem.

Stella Gaska, of Jewett City: I
thank you very much for the nice
prize book I received. I have read
it and find it very interesting.

Gabrielle Bujak, of Mansfield Cen-
ter: Thanks very much for the two
prize books you sent me. They are
very interesting.

Althea H. Denahy, of Perryville, N.
Y.: I am writing to thank you for the
lovely prize book you sent me. I have
started to read it and find it very in-
teresting and hope to win some more
in the future.

Ellen Powers of Oakdale, Conn: I
received the prize book and thank you
very much for it. I have read it and
found it very interesting.

Florida Reil, of Yantic: I re-
ceived the prize book and have read
it through. I thank you very much for
it. It was very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE- AWAKES.

Bugs in Business.

Perhaps the most curious workmen
employed in any factory in the world
are those which are a part of a force
in factories where surveying instru-
ments are made. Here the most deli-
cate thread in the world is needed,
and the factory keeps a force of spin-
ners always on hand. These spinners
are a certain kind of spider. Not ev-
ery spider will do. Those employed
are large, fat fellows which will spin
a round, tough thread.

It is their duty to spin a delicate
thread which is used for crosshairs to
mark the exact center of the object
lens in the surveyor's telescope. Spider
web is the only suitable material yet
discovered for the cross hairs of sur-
veying instruments. Almost invisible
as this fibre is to the naked eye, in
the powerful lenses of the telescope it
is brought to the size of a man's
thumb, so that all defects, if there
happened to be any, would be mag-
nified to such degree that the web
would be useless.

Human hair has been tried, but
when magnified it has the appear-
ance of a roughly hewn lamp-
post. Moreover, human hair is trans-
parent and cross hairs must be
opaque.

During a month of spinning sea-
son the spiders produce thousands of
yards of web, which is wound upon
metal frames and stored away until
needed. A spider at work dangles in
the air by its invisible thread, the up-
per end of which is attached to a
metal frame wire which is in the
hands of a girl. The girl first places
a spider on her hand until the pro-
truding end of the thread has become

The Little Loafers.

The teacher was earnestly trying to
picture the outcome of laziness and
idleness. He drew a terrible picture
of the habitual loafer, the man who
hates work and his ultimate fate.
"Now, Charlie," he continued, to a
little boy who had been looking out
of the window, and whose mind was
far from the lesson of the hour, "tell
me who is the wretched, miserable in-
dividual who sits around, food and
lodging and gives nothing in return."
Charlie's face glowed. "Please, sir,"
he replied, "the baby."

Yantic. JOHN A. BURNS, Age 11.

The Making of a Good Soldier.

A young man, who had been well
brought up by Catholic parents, en-
listed in the army. The first night
in the barracks he knelt down be-
side, as he was accustomed to do,
and silently recited his night prayers.
The other soldiers openly ridiculed
him for it. As he took no notice of
this, they began to roar with laughter,
to whistle and stamp their feet. He
did not allow himself to become an-
gry, but calmly finished his devotions
and went to bed.

The second evening he knelt down
as before. This was the signal for a
similar outburst, and his comrades
were even noisier than on the pre-
ceding night.

On the third evening the same thing
took place, but the young man was
not disconcerted, and paid no heed to
what was said or done.

At last, one of the noisiest of the men
said:

"Let the lad alone, comrades. There
is the making of a soldier in him; he
is a brave fellow."

From that time no one disturbed
him, and several even followed his ex-
ample, and knelt down to pray. He
was soon promoted to sergeant, and
at least breathed a silent prayer be-
fore composing themselves to sleep.

He was not afraid to practice his re-
ligion openly. The world will admire
you more for a fearless and open
profession of the faith that is in you.
Tatfield. ANNA BERGERON, Age 11.

Last Sunday.

It was one of those queer Septem-
ber days when the wind blew and
made your cheeks red and healthy
and the sun shone brightly and
when the sky looked extra bright,
when the fleecy clouds showed up
on snow, on the hills and in the
meadows look like a fresh painted
picture.

It was on this kind of a day that
I went to the cemetery to visit my
father. The day had been out and was
piled in the small and large mounds. In
the fields, and the corn stalks,
were out and stood in upright rows in
stark-stalped patches and in vast
meadows.

The pretty pools of salt water wound
in and out where there were stretches
of the reddish brown or sunburned
and dry grass which the wind blew,
making it nod in all directions.

It was when the new "Inn" on the
road to Jewett City was completed.
The "Inn" with its new sign "Captain
Jim's Inn" had not been painted
and the sign was still in the corner.
The piazza was occupied by no
one except a man in a white jersey
all tattered and torn. I don't believe
there was much in "Inn" as he was
out.

Well, one of my parents remarked
that "Captain Jim" is a good fellow.
"I" and I quite agreed with her
if that was Captain Jimmy.

HELEN COCHRANE, Yantic.

The Vulture.

The name "vulture" is applied to a
family of birds of prey. The bill of
the vulture is large and very strong;
the head and neck are almost naked,
and the feathers on the neck are
downy. It does not attack living ani-
mals. It displays marvelous quick-
ness in its movements. It is found in
the countries where they are found
in the warm parts of the world. It
awaits the putrid animal matter which
would otherwise be injurious as well
as disagreeable.

American vultures sometimes
reach a large size and are very power-
ful in flight. The Turkey Buzzard and Carrion
Crow, both of which are vultures, are
common in the temperate parts of
America. The Carrion Crow is found
as far north as Carolina. The Turkey
Buzzard is not a true buzzard and is
wrongly so called.

HELEN WISNESKE, Yantic.

A Fishing Trip.

Fred was fishing fine, for tomorrow
he was going fishing. He told all his
companions and they were all very
jealous of Fred. They decided to play
a joke on him.

In the morning Fred started out
and walked along happily, suspecting
that he would be tricked. He told
the leader of the "bunch" said, "We'll
all wait at the dock and when he
comes in, we'll take all his fish if he
isn't looking."

Fred went out to the pond and was
soon out of sight in his rowboat, the
Crescent.

The "bunch" met in the afternoon
and waited for Fred. When he came
in sight Pete and his companions were
sure he had had fine luck, for he was
whistling away while he rowed into
the dock.

Now Fred suspected that they were
going to trick him, so he had under a
piece of the rowboat and allied with
a net, pretending that he did not see
them and placing his "make-believe"
basket on the bench, walked into his
shed with his oars. The "bunch"
jumped up, grabbed the basket and
ran away.

Then Fred came out, took the bas-
ket of fish and walked home. When
he met the boys he said, "Next
time you want to play a trick on
someone you will have to be a little
more careful than you are."
ESTHER CRAMER, Age 13.

The Day I Lost My Luck.

One cloudy day my brother and I
decided to go fishing. We started out
with our hopes running high but came
back discouraged as you will soon see.
We baited our hooks and I caught
a bass which I lost. I caught four in
succession and could manage to keep
only one which was a skiver.

I then caught a pout and a pumpkin
seed, and could keep only the pumpkin
seed.

I then got discouraged and started
home.

When I got home my father said:
"This is the day you lost your luck."
HAROLD WILDE, Watagan.

Philadelphia.

The leading cities Southwest of New
York as far as Richmond are located
along the Fall Line. The greatest of
all is Philadelphia, which has over 1,
500,000 inhabitants and ranks third
among the cities of the United
States.

Lines of steamships run from Phil-
adelphia to the leading seaports of
the United States and foreign coun-
tries, carrying both passengers and a



"Red Cross Nurse," by Lillian Murphy of Norwich.

A Five-cent Piece.

If anyone who had never seen a
five-cent piece asked me to describe
it, this is the way I would describe it:
Money used in the United States
consists of coins from a copper penny
to a twenty dollar gold piece.

The five-cent piece is about three-
fourths of an inch in diameter and is
made of nickel mixed with some other
metal. On the front is a head of Lib-
erty and on the back which she wears
under her head is the word "Liberty."

Around her head are thirteen stars
to represent the thirteen original States.
Under the head is the date when the
coin was made.

On the back are the words United
States of America. There is a wreath
in which is the Roman numeral five.
Under the wreath is the word "Cents."
The head is the date when the coin
was made.

MIRIAM SHERSHEVSKY, Age 9, Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

My Trip to Ocean Beach.

Dear Uncle Jed: On July fifth our
Sunday School class decided to have
a picnic at Ocean Beach.

We took the 10:15 car from Frank-
lin square to New London which was
a very nice ride. When we got to
Ocean Beach car and when we got to
the beach it was almost twelve o'clock,
and as we were all hungry we decided
to have a picnic. We sat in the sand
and ate. After dinner we had some
ice cream which was very good.

After we had finished eating, we
went and took a walk around the
beach. Then some of the girls that
had bathing suits went in bathing;
but as I didn't have any I could not
go in bathing.

I took off my shoes and stockings
and went in wading. When I was
standing in the water a big wave came
which knocked me over and I got all
wet, so I had to stand up for most of
the afternoon.

About half-past five we began to get
ready to go home and about six o'clock
we started. I stayed home about 8
o'clock very tired and happy.

ANNA ANDERSON, Age 12, Norwich.

My Visit to Niantic Camp Ground.

Dear Uncle Jed: Labor Day I was
invited to visit a soldier friend of

THE DRAWING CONTEST

11 Prizes Every Second Month

Pictures to the width of a col-
umn of The Bulletin or of two
columns.

Pencil or ink—no color.

Write name and address plainly
on back of drawing, otherwise
you may not get credit.

PRESENT CONTEST CLOSES
OCTOBER 23rd

Played Hares and Hounds.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would
write to you of my Boy Scout camp-
ing trips at Columbia Lake, and es-
pecially of our game of hare and
hounds.

At first we were the hounds and we
chased the hares on a roundabout
trip and after many a puzzling place
we finally found them in a big open
pasture firing apples at each other.

Then we changed and they chased
us through swamps and marshes. We
came upon a big field of ferns and in
the midst we saw a big, black snake.
We finally came to a big open place
and we emptied all our papers and went
down to the lake where we awaited
the arrival of the hounds.

They got lost. They had a dog
with them and before they came up
he had to come to our hiding place.
When he did, they came up and
hit him on the head with a large stick
and sent him back to the hounds
snealing, for he was not the barking
kind.

Pretty soon the boys came up to
within ten feet of our hiding place, but
they did not see us. We were all
looking for us and shouted that they
gave in.

Afterwards, when we came up with
them, they said they gave up because
they heard the bogle call for swim-
ming. But this was a lie.

WILLIAM BARRY, South Coventry.

Attended a School Picnic.

Dear Uncle Jed: Soon after school
closed I went to my sister's, to visit
her. She came up to my home one
Sunday and the next day I went home
with her.

While I was there I visited the school.
When the school there closed they had
a school picnic and I attended it. We
all went off down in the woods across
the road from the schoolhouse.

First we played games for awhile
so as to get good and hungry, then
we all sat down in the shade and ate
our lunch. We had candy, popcorn
and peanuts.

After dinner Miss Darnellus, the
teacher, lay down on the ground and
went to sleep while we played hide
and seek in the bushes. We didn't
have any water or anything to drink
with us, so we all went back to the
schoolhouse and got some water. Then

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste



The General All-Around Cleaner

ry the basket for her. The poor old
lady seemed to be awful glad to have
me carry it, and it made me very hap-
py to be able to help her, for I have
always been taught to be kind to all
old people.

WILLIAMANTIC.

What I Did and What I Earned.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought the
Wide-Awakes would like to hear about
my garden, which is twenty-five feet
square.

I bought for twenty cents seeds, and
I made nine dollars and a half.
I planted onions, carrots, radishes,
beets, lettuce, cabbage and cucum-
bers. I worked one hour and a half
every day. The man who looks after
our garden is Mr. Turner.

In my next letter, I will tell you
about my vacation, and how I spent
the money from my garden.

STELLA HOLLEAU, Age 11, Goodyear.

Brookside Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: Brookside is the
name of the farm where I am spending
my summer vacation. It is a beautiful
place, and my mother spent many of
her childhood days here.

Brookside is named after a beauti-
ful brook running beside the farm.
They have fine stock here. There are
nine cows, five heifers, three calves,
two dogs, three cats, three pigs, and
quite a lot of turkeys and chickens.

In these gardens every variety of
vegetables is growing of the finest
specimens.

There are half a dozen maple trees,
and they are over a hundred years old.
STELLA MERRIFIELD, Age 14, Baltic.

My School.

Dear Uncle Jed: I like to go to
school. My school is about a mile
away from my home. It is called "The
Tyler School." There are eight chil-
dren going to this school. It has
but few children because it is a country
school. My teacher's name is Miss
Morrin. She is very kind to her schol-
ars. I am in the fifth grade. We have
spelling, arithmetic, grammar, read-
ing, history, geography, penman-
ship, physiology, drawing and sew-
ing.

We have sewing every Friday. I
like to sew. I am quite good at it.
As the school is quite near our house
I have to go home for dinner. We have
one hour for noon, and fifteen minutes
for each recess.

We play a few games in school. But
our teacher told us to build a large
house. As we want to go to school,
teacher we are going to start it soon.
The boys are to bring the axes and
chop the sticks, while the girls are go-
ing to do all the work.

STELLA GASKA, Age 9, Jewett City.

My Pet Canaries.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell
you about my pet canaries with the
hope of interesting the Wide-Awakes.
Ten of my pet birds, who came to me
very young from canaries, gave me a
pair of them as a birthday present.
Each one of them fill up their cups
with feed and water.

One day my father told me to put
them in some cage in the cage. As
soon as I put them in the cage the
female bird instantly began to make
a nest. In a week's time the nest was
finished. A week after the nest was
prepared I was surprised to find a
light blue colored egg about one-third
the size of a pigeon's egg in the nest.

Each day the female bird laid anoth-
er egg. After the bird had laid five
eggs she sat on the eggs and did not
move. I was very glad to see her
prepared to hatch the eggs.

In two weeks the first egg hatched
a small bird each day out of the lit-
tle egg.

For two weeks the young birds were
fed by their parents. Then the fe-
male bird began to teach her young
to fly.

When the little ones were able to eat
I put each of them in a separate cage.
ROSE WEINER, Age 10, Norwich.

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